

ONE SHILLING.

The Lorgnette or Studies of the Town



by
an Opera goer.

NEW-YORK:
STRINGER & TOWNSEND, 222 BROADWAY.

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ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
STRINGER & TOWNSEND,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

EDWARD DAVIS, PRINTER,
BROOKLYN.

AVERY
DURST

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THE LORGNETTE.



MAY 10.

NEW-YORK.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 1.

Mirandola—(Il satiro si anderà a poco a poco addomesticando.)

LA LOCANDIERA.

WELL, Fritz, it is even true, that notwithstanding my rusticity, I find myself approaching, little by little, to a state of town domestication; and at the earnest solicitation of my worthy bookseller, I am led to resume my weekly observations, and even to extend their influence, if influence they have, by association with a large publishing house, which will give to them a wide country circulation. It is quite possible, therefore, that this may fall under your eye at the house of your parson (if a liberal-

minded person), or of your village attorney (if a man of progress), even before you shall have broken my private seal.

Nor shall my country readers be without their share of aliment ; for, to say nothing of the approaching season, when the town disgorges itself upon the rural districts, and when safely I may turn my glass upon our Nebuchadnezzar in the fields, I shall allow myself from time to time a rural diversion of remark ; and the damp places of our country society shall here and there serve to wet my pencil ; and the village gossips shall have a relisher to their tea that will marvelously quicken the point of their Souchong and Gunpowder talk.

Even the brusque, self-important, country pettifogger shall have his miniature set off in the dainty binding of a town-worker : and the fashionable belles of the village, too delicate to be buxom, and too buxom for the gas-lights of a Waverley Place rout, shall have as truthful a daguerreotype as ever was painted by the limner of the exquisite Eve Effingham.

And as for the civilian turned loose, a little careless and very eccentric habit of travel will enable me,—Providence and the rheumatism willing,—to follow them to the ocean breezes of Nahant and

Newport, or to the sulphury mountain air of Sharon. The town-ladies will find an old seven-league boot set upon my heel, which will make me as untiring in the chase of their charms, and perhaps as romantic in my adventure, as the Knight of La Mancha upon his raw-boned Rosinante.

The French understand the *physiologie du gout*, as you know, and will throw in a basted partridge, blanketed with pork, between the soberer courses of a boiled meat and a *filet*; so I, Fritz, will spit together on the same bundle of converging rays, a squeamish town poetaster stuffed with garlic, and a Broadway beauty gone wild in Schoharie or at Lebanon. But as for the bill of fare setting forth at length the name and family of the dishes, I shall leave it to the happy *initial* graces of the Express and Herald; and you must judge of the quality of your meal, only by the taste and the spice of the cookery.

It will astonish, doubtless, many very good people who are not believers either in Fourierism or in the Rochester Knockings, to find John Timon so ubiquitous in his flights as to be one week sketching in the city, the next brushing away the mists from his glass in the spray of Niagara, and the third moistening his ink-horn with the scum of the beach at Long Branch. But let them quiet them-

selves; John Timon is no necromancer; and instead of startling them with any narrative too improbable for belief, he will be far more apt to shock them with the very homely truth of his stories. At any rate, he is content to have his matter judged by its agreement with fact; and when he throws away his allegiance to truth, he will lease his pen to the ——— newspaper. Or, should he wish to maintain an appearance of gentility, though truth is discarded, he will devote his mornings to politics, his evenings to fashionable society, and relieve his noons with a study of the portraits at the National Academy.

—

MAY MOVINGS.

‘If there be any such thing as destiny in the world, I know nothing man is so predestinated to as to be eternally turning round.’—DE FOE.

I HAVE looked in vain, my dear Fritz, through the chronicles of the city, from that of the venerable Diedrich, to those of Mr. Dogget, Jr., to find any historical account of the origin of the May festivities of this town. Almost every people has its way of welcoming this most cheerful of months; and you will remember how, in the remote districts of England, the children, in their best dresses and with happy faces, will crowd about one, with pleas-

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antly spoken petitions, to loan a penny for the May-pole.

The festivities of our town are of a different order ; they do not smack at all of the old dance and garlands. The population of children, in virtue, as I am told, of an old custom, are upon May-day—homeless, and are wandering in a state of sad vagabondage, up and down our streets, earnestly petitioning the charitable passers-by—not for a penny, but for a house.

The public roads are filled with a long procession of spring vans, carrying immense piles of shabby furniture ; the walks are encumbered with nursery-maids in very dusty bonnets, carrying thin-plated mirrors tied up in a scurvy counterpane ; small boys groan along under the weight of enormous China vases, or Griffins ; and family portraits, never intended, surely, for any but the indulgent eyes of kindred, are carried modestly and discreetly along the side streets. The parlors of reception are given over to the possession of burly and capless carmen, who spit tobacco juice upon the polished grate, and whose heads are adorned, in place of May garlands, with scattered flecks of down. The hall-doors are flung hospitably open, into which walk very distressed-looking women, who are on that day anything but Queens of May.

Here and there, too, you may see a quiet journeyman cabinet-maker, in green baize jacket, passing in at the hall door and gliding swiftly up the stairway to his May festivity, with a small tin pail of varnish, or haply, an iron bed-key !

As for the town-lady, a month ago so courtly, her empire is now divided—not alone with extortionate porters and tasteless upholsterers, but, what is worse—with some new incoming mistress. You have been rocked long enough, my dear Fritz, in this rickety cradle of a world, to know what a delightful provocative to the festivities of the season must be this joint lady-rule under a single roof !

Character, as you may well suppose, develops very swiftly under this May ordeal ; one poor woman, in a frenzy of fear, may be seen hunting after some dear little vase which has escaped notice in the general onset, and which will, by-and-by, perhaps (to humor her good-nature), be found crushed under some ponderous *armoire*. Another, with cap-strings flying wide, and with faded shawl pinned in very dirk-like fashion, will general the whole May movement with an air and gesture very strongly calculated to keep aloof any nervous husband, or weak-limbed sons-in-law. A third will go into hysterics at the crash of some cherished bowl and ewer, and between vexation and fatigue, will per-

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sist in imagining, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of the chamber-maid to the contrary, that the world is near destruction, and that all terrestrial things are then and there, on that May-day, rapidly passing into oblivion.

Out of respect to the season, meals at home, are for the most part taken standing. A few Boston crackers, with a delicate cut from a cold ham, and a small bottle of London stout, are recommended.

At a late hour in the afternoon it is discovered that the carmen have left something they should have borne off in procession, and that they have taken away still more that they should have left. Meantime the scant, cool dinner humors the fatigue of being much a-foot, and more provoked; and the evening closes upon our blooming May queen, installed with May festivity, in a May palace. This last is curiously set off with beds huddled into corners; and the stewpans, and tea-kettles, are unfortunately, if not irreparably lost, in the depths of some subterranean vault.

Such, my dear Fritz, are a few hints thrown out, to serve you as coloring matter, with which you can work up at your leisure an imaginative painting of our town May-day. I think you will agree that it is an odd way of celebration, and will scarce

wonder at my curiosity in searching the records for its origin.

If it would not be immodest, I would respectfully suggest the topic to the New York Historical Society, confident that it is one that will afford full scope to those abilities for thorough and profound investigation, which are possessed in so ample a degree by nearly all the regular—not to mention the honorary and corresponding—members of that distinguished Society. I might safely predict, indeed, I think it could be affirmed with the utmost confidence, that a paper upon the topic alluded to, prepared in the usual form of the Historical Society papers, and read with characteristic enunciation, could not fail to keep at least one-half of the members of that association awake up to the end of the recitation. And with an equal degree of certitude it might be affirmed, that the author, whoever he might be, would be unanimously thanked for his ‘very able paper,’ and a copy be placed in the archives of the association: and furthermore, a report of the resolutions might be reasonably expected in the Express of the next morning, provided no ‘extraordinary disclosures’ supervened.

Since, however, the Society above referred to has failed thus far to throw light on this important subject, I must even venture myself, Fritz, to try and

get at the causes of these strange movements of May. Why they should occur at this particular epoch of the year, is a matter of minor importance, and may be safely left in the hands of the Historical gossips; why such movements should occur at all is a more interesting inquiry, and one which in my view, can only be settled by a reference to the condition and character of our social progress.

In our town, the house, in common with the coach and the coat, is a type, and a bold type, of social position. As position is gained, or hoped to be gained, the types must correspond. People must not only get on in reputation, wealth, and in society, but they must give ocular proof of their progress, made palpable by houses, and publicly demonstrated at the fête of May. Furniture good enough for a quiet housewife who cooks a small grocer's dinner, and who, with the aid of a stout Irish wench, is her own laundress, will never do, when her grocer husband, by dint of shrewdness and industry, is making a stir on 'Change; and if new furniture is to be had, then there must be a new house; and if a new house, then there must be a move; and if a move, why then—a May-day fête!

Some small mechanic comes in to fill up the place of the promoted grocer; and the grocer, perhaps,

fills the place of some advancing importer. Thus wave upon wave is rolling along the drift-wood that floats upon the sea of the town; and on May-day the tide is at the flood. And it is a remarkable fact, and one well worthy of the attention of public economists, that the movement is almost invariably from small quarters to large ones. This is certainly most flattering to the enterprise of the town; perhaps more flattering to our enterprise than to our honesty. For I have observed that even bankruptcies, or defalcations, do by no means create exceptions to our general rule of progress, but on the contrary, seem to have a manifest tendency to accelerate the advance. Indeed, from a careful series of observations, I am almost persuaded to believe that a brilliant bankruptcy, well fastened, and clipper-built, is one of the best craft on which to scud over our waves of progress, into such elegant harborage as Union Place, or Grammercy Park.

It does not yet appear to be settled upon any Malthusian basis, what space is exigent to the necessities of a family of a given size, or even of given tastes: let the social rank be given, and the calculation is easier. Though even here, the inquiry is beset with difficulties; swift progress, contrary to the law in mechanics, being understood to require more space than the slow, old-fashioned ad-

vance. Thus, if a man rise fast, and by some principle of progression which is not very patent, he must needs have a big house; if he rise slowly, and by healthful stages, a small one is quite adequate to his wants.

No plan, that I can learn of, has yet been laid down—not even by the architect of the late Bowling Green fountain,—as the *ne plus ultra* of a town house. Vistas of constantly extending parlors, and multiplying suites of rooms, mock the judgment, and leave the inquirer, in this part of the subject, in a state of sad perplexity. No limit, indeed, can be safely predicated of our town houses, except the length of a city square; and it would not be very surprising, if some new aspirant after position, with the requisite California credentials, should presently build a modest mansion for himself and a small family, reaching from street to street. The middle rooms (though my architectural observations are reserved for another paper), might be lighted with wells sunk through the roof at convenient distances, which would make pleasing mementoes of the gold-pits, and would furthermore serve the younger members of the family for telescopic purposes, and for prosecuting, in a domestic way, sidereal observations.

In most other parts of the civilized world, a cer-

tain modicum of room, and of interior appliances, are reckoned essential, and *complete*. A well-defined supply satisfies; and the social character is based, not on such supply, but upon certain trivial contingencies of private character,—such as worth, family, or even wealth. Many a man of fortune, as you know, Fritz, who can command respect in various ways, is at this very time occupying a suite of rooms upon a single floor in the Rue de Bac, who would disdain the dashing palaces of the Chaussée d'Antin, or the Place St. George. A cultivated dignity is satisfied; a refined taste finds space enough for its wants; and the home is complete. You will recall, too, in this connection, (or your memory misgives you) the rough brick walls of many a modest mansion of London, not to be named beside our free-stone palaces, and yet these walls cover the gatherings of a delicate and accomplished judgment; they embrace the solution of the most difficult of social problems—that of content; and they make the quadrature of the whole circle of the home-pleasures complete.

But with the scions of our social nursing there is no brick and mortar terminus, except superiority to one's neighbor. And at the end, perhaps, our discomfited aspirant, mortified with being overshadowed by some new house-builder, must fly

abroad, to escape that ennui which a position based on houses and display would very naturally create. In Europe, however, there is relief; the harasses of change are no longer felt. His palaces will not make for him position, and lack of them will not make its forfeit. A quiet suite in the Rue Lavoisier will be *enough*: and enough, even in the city of fashion and of form, has its meaning. Good sense has assigned to it limits, and prudence has given it a reception. The man is relieved from strife; and any vulgar show, whatever crowds it may bring to his dinners, or whatever jewels it may scatter over his evening receptions, will not magnify his repute with those who gauge his character with a knowing eye. For even French politesse, though it may allow itself to drink applaudingly of his *Volney* and *Latour*, cannot so far forget its sense of truth, as to suppress a chuckle, and a murmured—*‘quelle sottise!’*

The sad conclusion which I am led to from this, my dear Fritz, is the fact, that in our town, even the comforts of a home are thoroughly conventional. The acme of display may have been reached; but what house-owner, or housewife, in ignorance of what their neighbors may build, or an impending, brilliant bankruptcy may bestow, will say that they have arrived at true comfort?

The man who holds, or has ever held fair social position, and yet contents himself with a modest house, must either be possessed of great moral courage, or he must wear a conscience in his bankruptcy; and these are two qualities, which in the given connection, must be sought for in our town—as Diogènes hunted for a man—with a lantern.

It would be pleasant, Fritz, to take you to the auctions that belong to our May festival, and which may be met with at every half dozen steps,—showing the last trace of the old May-pole, decorated with a little banner of red bunting. But the girls who throng to this part of our festival are mostly old girls, of a buxom race, who may be found either seated about the apartments, or diligently feeling of the plush; and they are the most indefatigable ‘snappers up’ of shabby furniture that can possibly be imagined. In what quarter of the city they live, has never been satisfactorily ascertained; it is conjectured, however, from the style of their purchases, that they must be the occupants of some of the old Dutch houses with lofty gables. They eye you very sharply if you bid against them; they know to a dime the value of a broken-legged table; and they are on very familiar terms with chatty cabinet-makers. They wear dingy bombazine, and faded shawls, and judging

from action and manner, (and this is not to discredit their husbands, who are too good subjects of pity for anybody's sneers) probably 'rule the roast' at home.

There are some few meek ones, who are no match for the *habituées*, and are restlessly nervous. They are extremely anxious lest some particular article should escape them; they are very sure to show their anxiety to the penetrating auctioneer; and astonishingly apt to raise their own bids. Here and there, among the crowd of furniture dealers, you will catch sight of some poor fellow, who by his hang-dog walk, has evidently been driven to the auction by his wife's command, and who is very fearful lest some of her strolling neighbors should report his delinquencies at the bidding.

I have reported thus, Fritz, in very homely style the peculiar show which we make of our May festivities. Brush up now your recollections, and compare these new-world sketches, these creaking furniture vans, this change, bustle, and brooms, with the sunny May-day that you have passed on the bank of the Obye, under the gray ruin of Chepstow;—or with that luxuriousness of air and action, which wrapped you round like a garment, as you floated on a May-day, in your gleaming caïque, along the plashing waters of the Brazen Horn.

From all this, my dear Fritz, you will fish out the moral, that change belongs eminently to our American life;—that the settled quietude of a ripe civilization has not yet been reached;—that we have not yet learned well enough how to live, to be sure when we are contented with the modes of living; and that even the comforts of a home are measured by space, material, and talk. And the whole drift of these observations will go to confirm the remark of that sage historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, who says, in the third chapter of that renowned work, which by German suffrage has been put upon the same plane with that of Thucydides, — ‘Our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and noted for putting the best leg foremost.’



A WORD ABOUT THE POLKA AND POLKISTS.

‘The gods have bestowed fortitude upon some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.’—HESIOD.

‘Si on ne valsait que pour valser, qui valserait ?’—STAHL.

STEELE was the elegant apologist for dancing, in his day; and a certain Mr. Jno. Weaver, who so far worked himself into the good graces of the *Spectator*, as to secure a puff for his book, was the historian of the dance. But in that time, with all

their kissing cotillions, and Sir Roger de Coverleys, they were not advanced enough for a Polka.

This triumph of Terpsichorean art was reserved for a more enlightened age, and has yet to secure its classic historian, and its moral advocate. It is surprising, indeed, that while we are in the possession of such poets as the author of Liberty's Triumph, its evolutions are not moulded into an epic ; and there are moral and classic essayists about the town, who would add hugely to their fame, by letting slip their didactic periods upon a topic so level to their qualities. And a book, of whatever character, would only need a *bravura* from every polkist, to make a din that would deafen the whole town into acquiescence.

The rage, indeed, for the whole family of polkas is most infectious ; and not only has it taken educational possession of Misses who have not cast their nursery strings, but it has smitten men grown gouty ; and ladies, who can scarce maintain their hold upon the charitable side of forty, in the intoxicating eccentricity of the polka, revive their youth, and in its pleasant delirium, cheerfully forget their years. It has even made its appearance in the streets, and at the circus ; and the polkas made up, for a long time, the musical stock of the performers

at the Anatomical Museum. Traces of the polka movement may be seen even on the public walk, and in the periodic and luxurious oscillations of the figures of our belles at the Opera, and Grace Church; the springy, elastic, and long-continued salute of a lady seems to have its accomplishment under the influence of a certain volatile, polka element, which pervades the system, and gives a well-timed, though highly-eccentric vibratory action to the nerves. I cannot well say, but think it highly probable, that the movement may have found its way into domestic arrangements, and the baby be lulled, the dumb waiter rise and fall, and the cook stove rotate—polka-wise.

One or two strolling Italians have taught the polka action, with great effect, to tame monkeys; the hint should not be lost upon such young gentlemen as find, now that the ball season is over, their occupation gone. And from not a little careful observation, I am disposed to think that they would meet with far greater success in the ring, than they have ever found at the bar.

A new polka has latterly engrossed the attention and study of our town ladies; and though some of the old women, who are not apt to learn, are condemning it as a little too free in its movement, it is all the more admired by the established belles. It

must be confessed, however, that a little prudery is just now spreading among the young ladies; gentlemen are absolutely required to withdraw their arms from the waists of their partners within three minutes after the close of the music; and this upon penalty—of having to dance the next set. Several of my acquaintances, in an access of virtuous resolve, have sworn off from polking with gentlemen they do not know, for the rest of the season: this is not understood, however, to embrace the watering-place campaign.

What the old gentlemen will do in time, I can hardly imagine. A jig, or a cotillion, was not so difficult a matter for them as to forbid their wearing a creditable air of agility. The polkas are too eccentric; the whist-tables are scouted; and as for standing about the walls, in imminent danger from the dripping candles, and with corns cruelly jammed by those fellows who give effect to the music, by an occasional thump with their heels, it is not to be thought of.

Unfortunately for them, too, the Polkas are rapidly multiplying; as much in eccentricity, as in number. And after the success of the 'Tip-top' Polka, we shall look with interest for the introduction of a 'How d'ye do' and a 'Kiss me if you can' Polka. There's nothing like novelty in an

accomplishment of this sort; and after dancing one's breath out to an old tune, it is quite surprising how some fresh air will set a body going.

A little modest dance has been thrown in on occasions, for *entracte* at the new Opera; but it quite shies the matter; the man is too coy, and the woman wears too many flounces, to make the affair taking.

Touching the matter of polking, I have received this *bijou* of a letter:—

MR. TIMON:—I have read all you have written, and like it very much. My mamma (for a wonder) likes it too: so does Aunt Sophy. But they have forbid my polking with strange gentlemen, at least those who are introduced to me at the balls. Is not this ridiculous?—one meets such nice young men at the balls, and nowhere else! I wish you would persuade mamma so; if you could, you would greatly oblige your true friend, TERRY.

As I neither know the church, or the 'set' of my good-natured correspondent, I shall fling out a few opinions of various complexion, by which her mamma can help herself toward forming a healthful judgment, and fixing the line of duty beyond all possible cavil.

The Presbyterian Elder abhors the Polka from

his soul, and thinks it a device of Satan, to carry off souls in a whirl-a-gig. He has almost as bad an idea of polka dancers, as of the polka itself. He thinks dancing-masters emissaries of Belial, who are supported by stated contributions from the world of darkness. In short, he thinks nothing more demoralizing in its tendency, unless it be the fancies of the Ecclesiologists, or a cross upon a church gable.

A mother of six daughters, and of easy Religious faith, encourages the polka, as she believes it cultivates grace of limb, and brings young people together into a proper degree of familiarity, which may ripen into matrimony—which is the true and natural state of the human family, as there is no denying.

A young lady of retiring habits is opposed to the polka from principle, though she does not object to a stray turn with Cousin Harry. As she doesn't take lessons, she is rather out of step, which has a tendency to confirm her principle.

A stiff prigg, who smells of book-covers, sneers at the polka as an absurdity, which no sensible man would abandon himself to ; and which puts a person in a very ridiculous, not to say awkward and embarrassing position.

The *debutante* is delighted with it, as one of the most fascinating pursuits in life; and looks forward to a brilliant stretch of years, made bright with thousands of interesting polkas.

A high church Divine looks upon the dance, as scripturally emblematic of joy, and by natural reasoning, regards the polka as ecclesiologically emblematic of ecstasy. He does not believe in reducing proprieties to abstract forms, without any of the pleasing graces of typical attachments, and well-ordered ceremonial. The white robes of the dancers are clearly emblematic of innocence; and as such will have efficacy, by virtue of association, in screening the polkists from any impure thoughts or desires; at least they ought to have such efficacy, and perhaps do. Let the form, and the coloring be right, and the accessories will take care of themselves. 'Heaven has made us, and not we ourselves.'

And now, Fritz, John Timon takes the liberty of asking the pert and homely question—if the free and careless handling of our town-ladies, by every booby who can boast a boot, or a fringed cravat, is not in the minds of many sensible ones, weakening the delicacy and the beauty of that respect, which every gentleman desires to feel for the other sex?

Is it not making common, what is most valued when uncommon ?

It is an undeniable fact that there is a freedom in the approach to unmarried ladies at our balls, which cannot be found elsewhere in the civilized world, except indeed at the public gardens of Paris, or the Assembly-rooms of the German Spa. The world is on the gain I know ; and we affect to lead ; the waltz was stoutly combated on its introduction to the salons of Paris, by no less a person than Madame de Genlis ; and Byron even uses strong language in disgust for,

‘ hands promiscuously applied
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side.’

But is it not worth inquiry, if we are not rounding our habit into too much wantonness in this thing ? One would suppose indeed, that brothers, if not fathers, would place some limit to this luxury of indiscriminate intimacy.

Do not suppose, Fritz, that with the canker of years upon me, I am enjoying a fling at an accomplishment which can no longer be mine. It is not the dance, nor even the polka that is condemned ; for both are accomplishments of grace ; it is only the license that is growing out of their abuse. I

would fain cherish, even in the decline of life, a tender and delicate respect for that sex, whose highest charm is modesty, and whose richest glory is a spotless virtue.

TIMON.

THE LORNETTE ;

OR, STUDIES OF THE TOWN.

BY AN OPERA-GOER.

Nos. 1 TO 12, BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED, EACH 12½ CENTS.

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 This is a work for the express entertainment of all spinsters who wish husbands; all belles who admire their own charms; all beaux who are captivated with their own portraits; all old ladies who wish to be young; all authors emulous of their own works; all fashionists in love with their own position; all misses eager to be seen; all rich men who are lovers of their own money; all bachelors looking for a fortune; all poets infatuated with their powers; all critics confident of their taste; and all sensible men who are content to be honest.

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Published by HENRY KERNOT, 633 Broadway, and for sale by G. H. MILLER, D. FANSHAW, T. J. CROWEN, and BERFORD & Co., Broadway, and O. H. CROSBY, 38 William street.

All orders from the trade, and from a distance, should be addressed to STRINGER & TOWNSEND, 222 Broadway, under the American Museum.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Democratic Review.

The Lorgnette has attracted some attention. As a specimen of English composition it is certainly very creditable; as a sketch of the manners of the town, it might apply to Timbuctoo as well as to New York. Beyond hearsay he has evidently no knowledge. He speaks truth when he describes himself as a countryman, and an outsider.

From the Literary World.

A sufficient proof that the thing is good may be found in the curiosity to ascertain its author, and the number of those more or less known in our literary circles to whom it has been attributed. Messrs. Willis, McCracken, R. G. White, and "Ik. Marvell" (Mitchell), are among those mentioned in connection with the Lorgnette. On this matter every one is free to make his guess, and we must confess that our suspicions have frequently turned in the direction of some member of the Paulding family. There is something very Paulding in the style of the Lorgnette. Two things may be safely predicated: first, it is the work of a man who has seen a good deal of our best society; and second, of one who has read a good deal of the best old English and old French.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

The writer's name is kept concealed, but he is evidently a man who has seen the world, abroad as well as at home, who has traveled without leaving his morals behind him, and mixed in society without acquiring any disgust for simple, home-bred virtues.

Flash critics vote anything of this kind stupid which is not filthy or abusive. There are readers, however, who will like it all the better because its author is evidently a scholar and a gentleman,—one whom they would have no scruple in admitting to their friendship, and from whom they will hear nothing but truth in courteous phrase.

From the Home Journal.

Anything that grows in value with progressing, as does the "LORGNETTE," is note-worthy in these tapering times: and why we have not spoken of the numbers as they have appeared, is simply because we have not received them: for they are of a Salmagundi sniciness that it were dull knowingly to overlook. The sketches of a "Bostonian," a "Philadelphian," and other "Strangers in Town," as estimated in New York, are truly capital.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Light, pleasant, sketchy, and hits severely some popular foibles.

SECOND NOTICE.—The Lorgnette sustains its wit and humor, but we do not like to see its quizzical author resorting thus early to correspondence.

From the Sunday Courier.

This is the last stupidity in the form of a funny paper which has been spawned upon the town. We should think its author was Dr. Potts or Dr. Tyng.

SECOND NOTICE.—This is the production of a dealer in fancy articles, Mr. J. H. L. Meraekan.

THIRD NOTICE.—This is not the production of Mr. J. H. L. Meraekan, and we beg his pardon.

From the Journal of Commerce.

The Lorgnette contains clever satire on the frivolity, folly, and insipidity of fashionable life, written in a polished and elegant style.

From the Merchants' Day Book.

Of all the forlorn hopes ever put forward as specimens of New York wit and humor, this is quite the most forlorn. It is promiscuously attributed to Richard Grant White, Harry Franco Briggs, Gas-light Foster, and General Morris.

From the Two Worlds.

A piquant and amusing satire upon the manners of the fashionables of the day. The field is a wide one, and the editor has availed himself of it, with much ingenuity and art, and has given some very racy and striking sketches of the loungers at the Opera, or on the pave.